

PZ

89

R54
B

FT MEADE
GenColl



The Banquet *of the* Flowers

P. D. T. ROBERTS



Class PZ 8

Book .9

Copyright No. FR 54
B

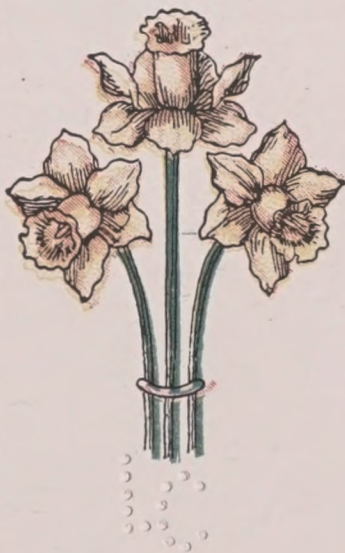
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



The Banquet of the Flowers

A Tale for Little Folks

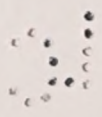
By
P. D. T. ROBERTS



PHILADELPHIA
THE UNION PRESS
1816 Chestnut Street

PZ 8
9
P54
B

Copyright, 1919, by
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION



OCT 17 1919

©Cl. A535346

no 1

EH 3 28 Oct 1919

To

LAMAR AND MILTON

Flowers of God, Morning Glories of My
Life, Children of the Modest Sweet
Violet of My Home, This Little
Story is Lovingly and Affec-
tionately Dedicated.

PREFACE

THE world is full of flowers. They smile about us everywhere. The hand of the Supreme Artist pencils their features and tints their cheeks, and gives them a mission in the world of men. The yards of poverty are made rich by their fragrant presence; the hedgerows of the highway are made more beautiful to look upon; and, inspired by their inarticulate song, poets have moved the hearts of men and brought the world closer to the throbbing heart of the Infinite.

The world is full of children. Their prattling lips and pattering feet are about us everywhere. The voice of the Good Father speaks through their unmarred souls and sways the world. From out the homes of poverty they come to bless and enrich



6 BANQUET OF THE FLOWERS

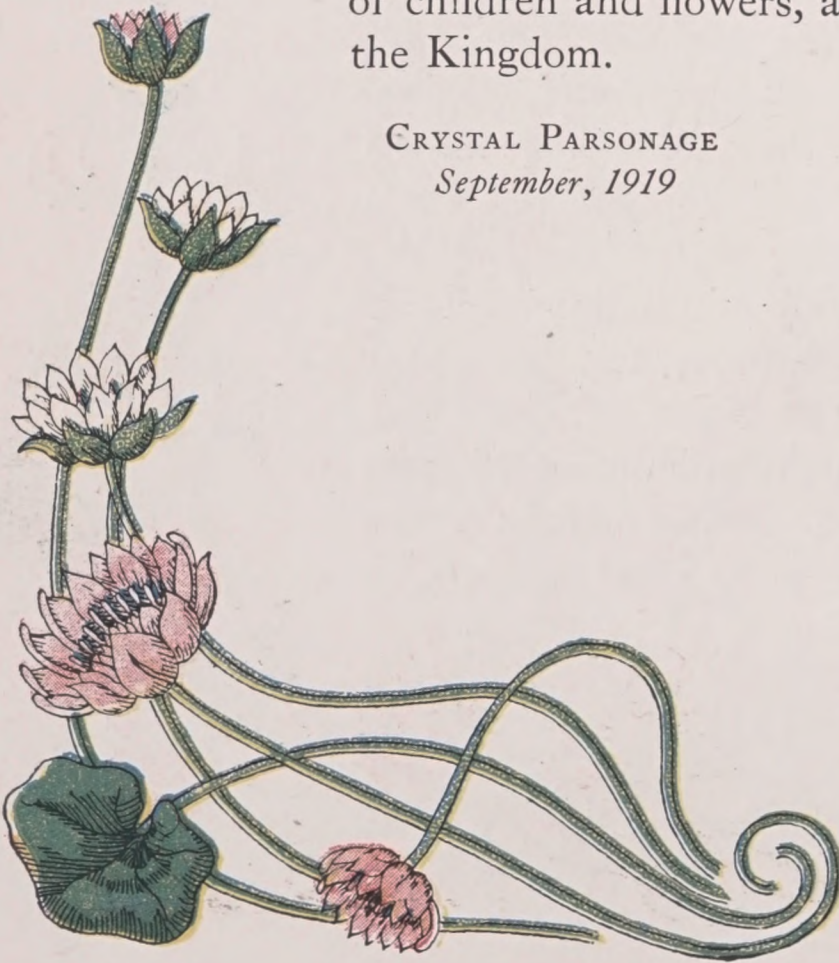
the world; the hedgerows of human experience are laden and lightened by their presence; and by them, too, have poets and prophets been inspired to move the hearts of men and bring them closer to the heart of God. The Great Teacher pointed to them as samples of the Kingdom of Heaven.

To bring these two emblems of purity and innocence together and to give the child an interest in and a love for flowers is the purpose of this simple little story. Read it to them sympathetically, and as you read grow, yourself, *down* to the world of children and flowers, and *upward* toward the Kingdom.

P. D. T. R.

CRYSTAL PARSONAGE

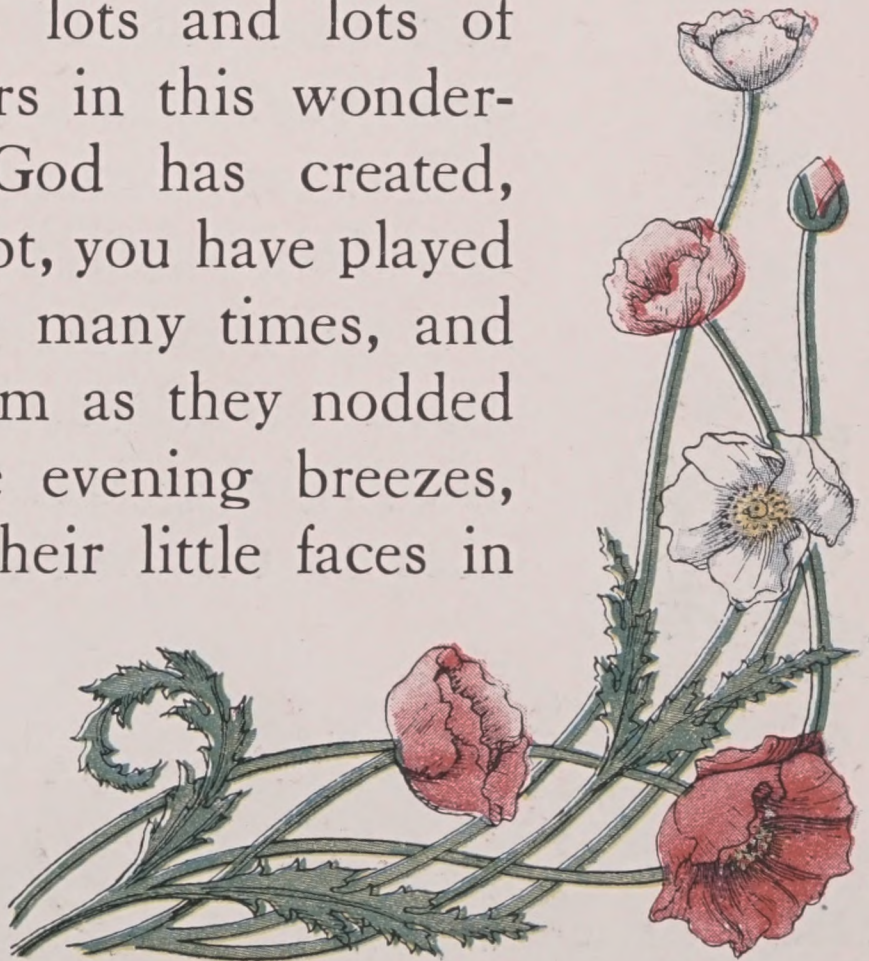
September, 1919





The Banquet of the Flowers

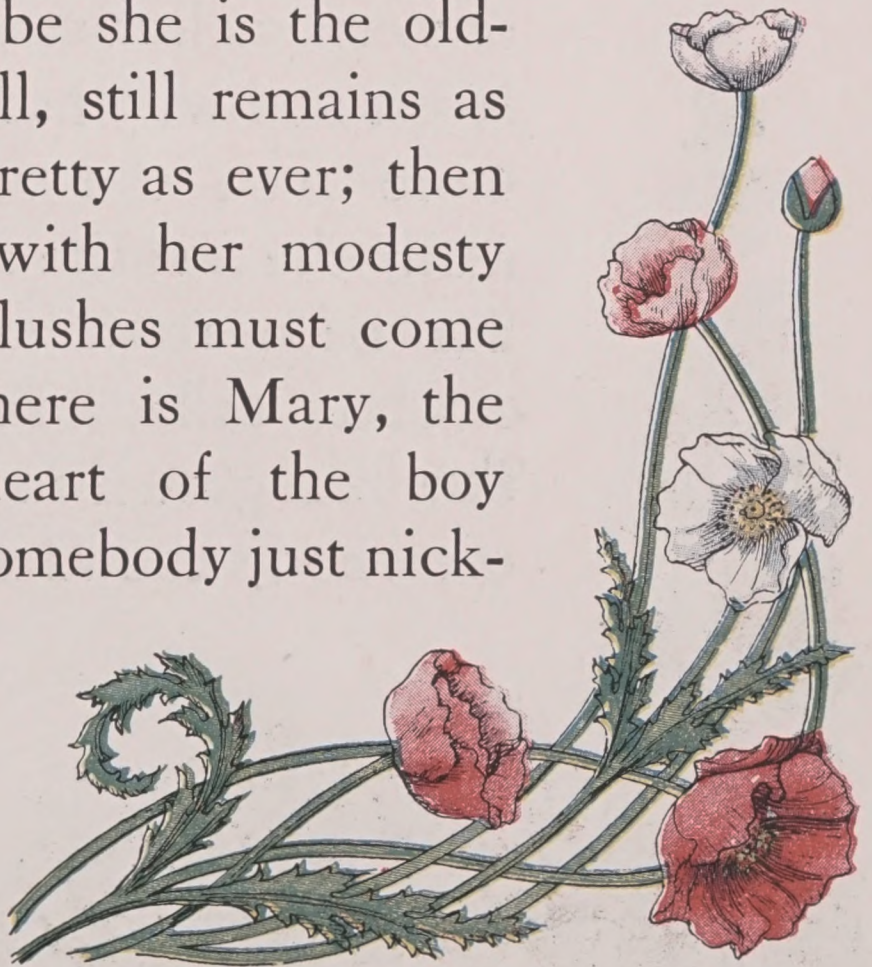
YOU know, children, there are just lots and lots of lovely flowers in this wonderful world God has created, and, no doubt, you have played beside them many times, and watched them as they nodded away in the evening breezes, or opened their little faces in



mired. Now roses grow from cuttings, you know, which are put in the ground and cultivated. So from one rosebush ever so many people take a cutting and soon have a fine rosebush all full of roses for themselves. Some roses bloom early in the spring, some later, some even in the early fall, and still others bloom every month. All the members of the family are just as sweet as can be. There is Miss Killarney, with all her Irish beauty; there is Miss Geranium, whose flower has very little odor, but whose

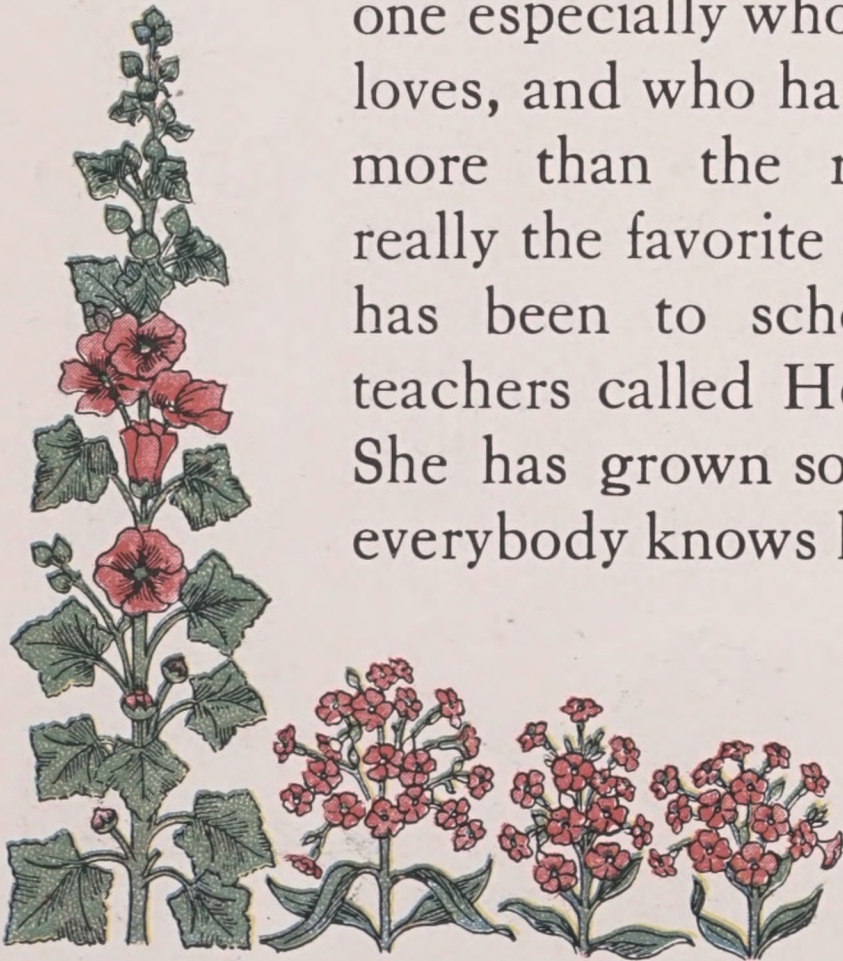


leaves are ever so sweet when rubbed between the fingers. She really does not belong to the Rose family, but because her leaves smell so like the rose she is called Rose Geranium; a sort of adopted child, you see. Next comes cute little Wild, in her shyness, who, though maybe she is the oldest one of all, still remains as sweet and pretty as ever; then Miss Prim with her modesty and sweet blushes must come next; and there is Mary, the little sweetheart of the boy rose whom somebody just nick-



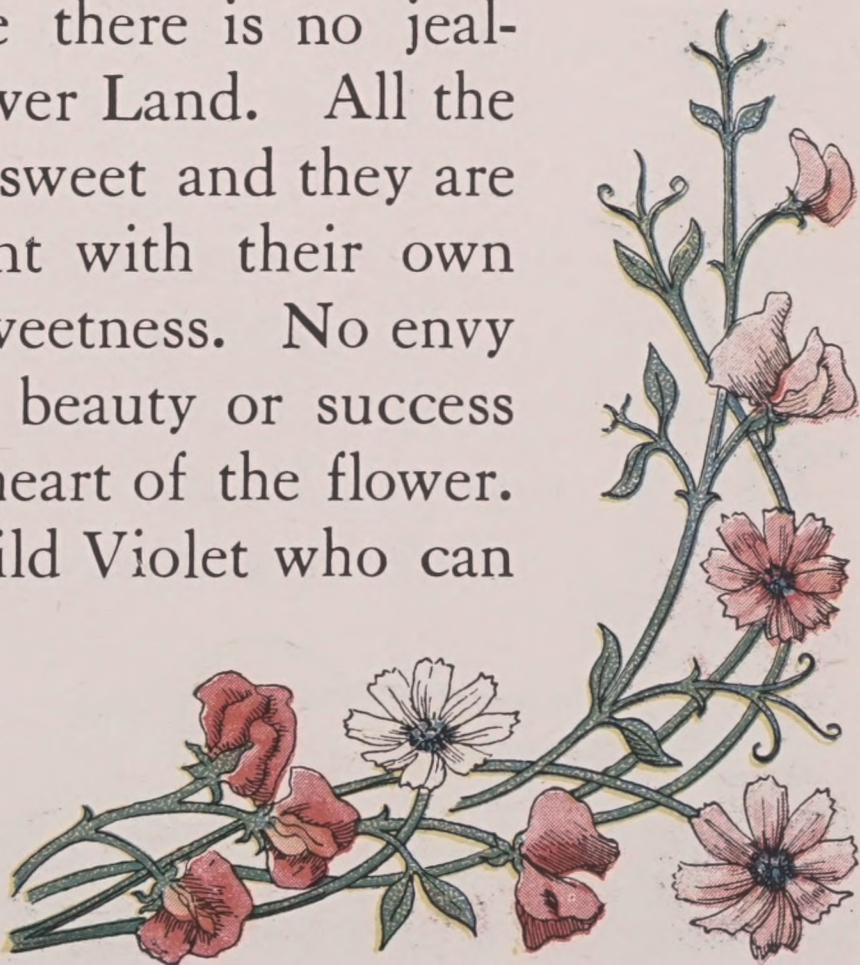
named "Red," and who has been called that ever since. Even when grown he is a bit smaller than his brave cousin, Giant of Battle.

There are others; as, Monsieur Marechal Neil, Mme. La France, and Pink Rover, the little outlaw. But there is one especially whom everybody loves, and who has been petted more than the rest. She is really the favorite of many, and has been to school to some teachers called Horticulturists. She has grown so popular that everybody knows her as Ameri-



can Beauty. She is queen of all the Roses. Now for the story:

The flowers all had a spring-time banquet, once upon a time, in honor of this queen when she was graduated from school. Wasn't that fine? They all were glad to honor her, because there is no jealousy in Flower Land. All the flowers are sweet and they are quite content with their own individual sweetness. No envy at another's beauty or success eats at the heart of the flower. The tiny Wild Violet who can

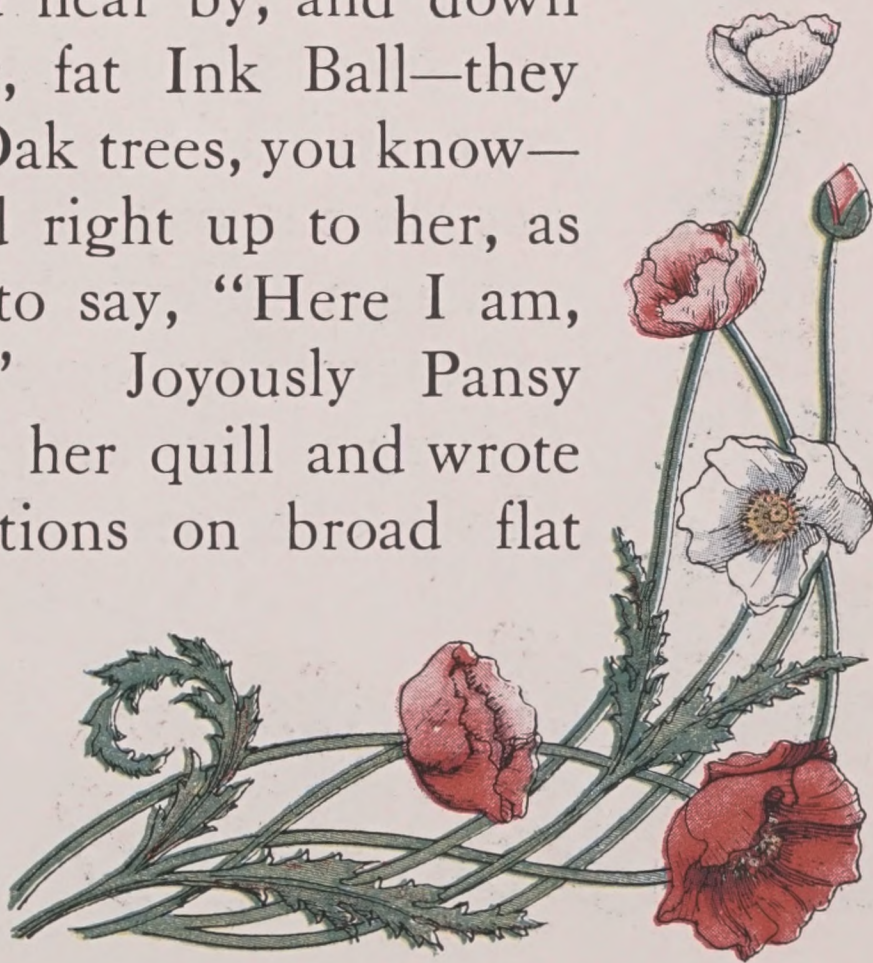


just lift her little head above the forest moss is just as sweet in her way as the American Beauty. As there was no such thing as jealousy at this party, don't you know they had a glorious time? Giant of Battle was very much in love with American Beauty. In fact, he it was who first suggested to Lily of the Valley that this banquet be given in honor of the proud queen.

Everything was arranged, and at the suggestion of Begonia Pansy was selected to invite the guests. She wrote

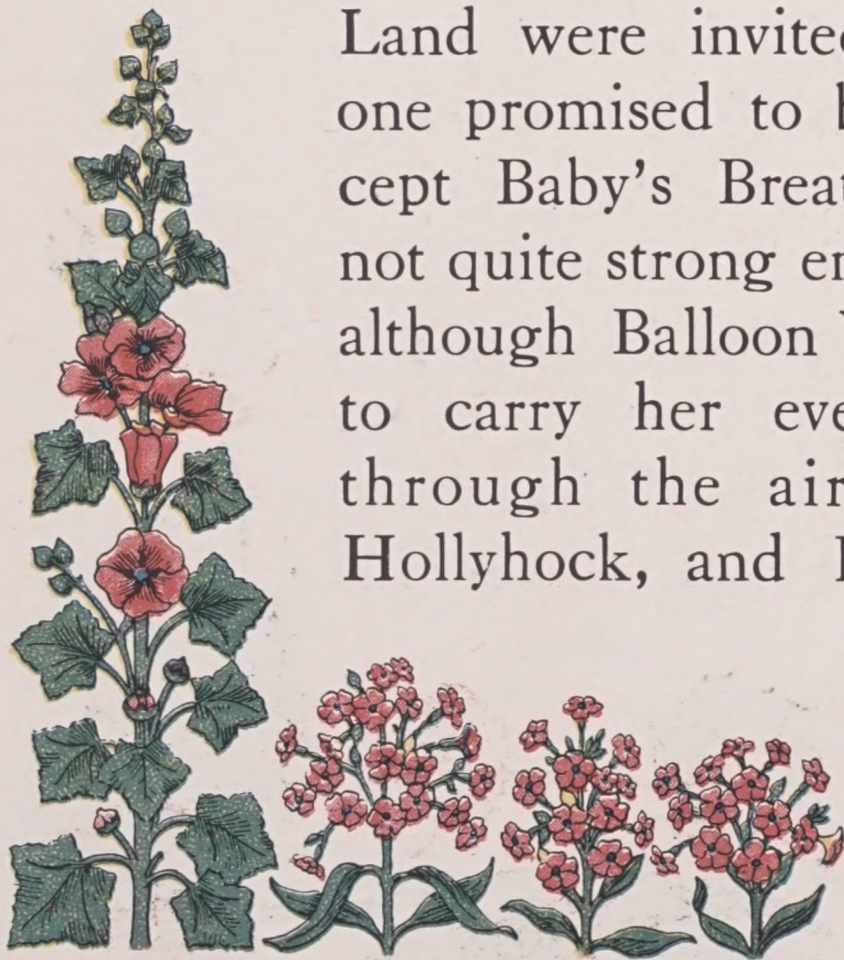


the invitations with a pen she got from Jonquil. There was something a bit funny about this. Pansy was wondering where she would get some ink, and had just about given up all hope of finding any when a big gust of wind came by and shook a large oak tree that stood near by, and down fell a big, fat Ink Ball—they grow on Oak trees, you know—and rolled right up to her, as much as to say, “Here I am, use me.” Joyously Pansy dipped in her quill and wrote the invitations on broad flat



leaves given by Pond Lily. The invitations were all carried to the invited ones by Mr. Jack Bean, who is considered a very fast runner. He climbs around on people's porches and keeps away the sun, and is very useful.

All the flowers in Flower Land were invited, and each one promised to be there, except Baby's Breath, who was not quite strong enough to go, although Balloon Vine offered to carry her ever so softly through the air. Kochia, Hollyhock, and Honeysuckle



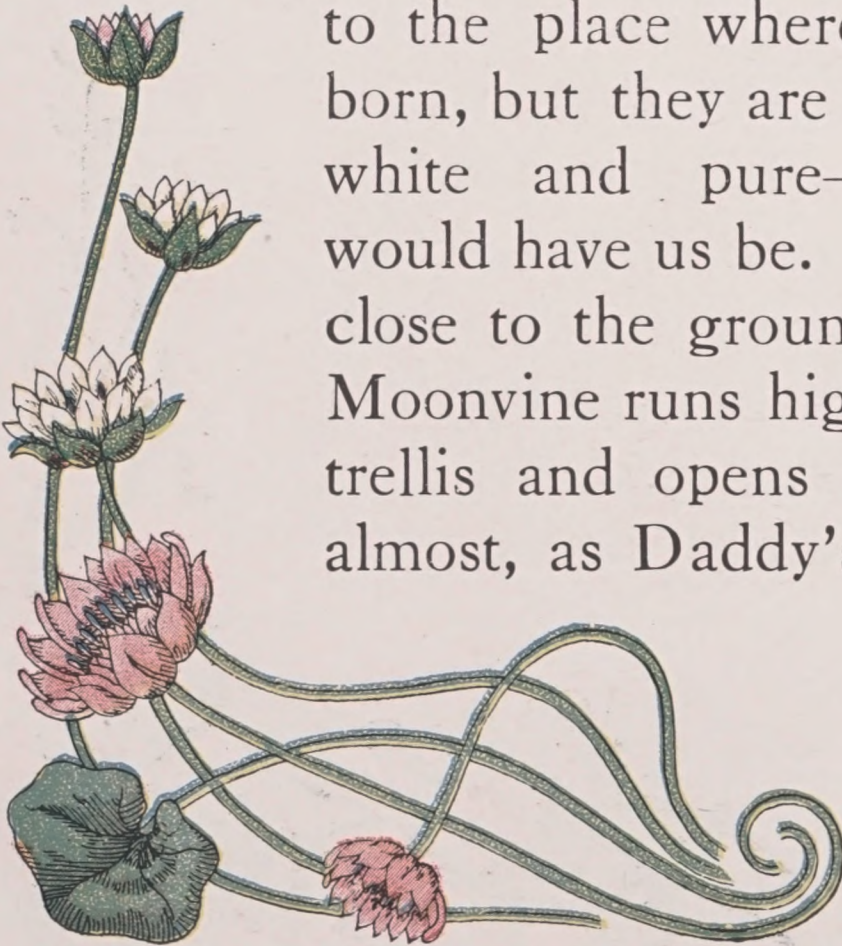


formed the committee on arrangements, and when the day came round for the banquet they had everything in tiptop shape. It had been a beautiful day, and now the sun had set, leaving lovely streaks of crimson and gold in the evening sky. A wind came by to carry away the heat. The little brook at the foot of the hill danced over the pebbles and made sweet music. The big trees above bowed courteously and offered protection to the tiny merrymakers.

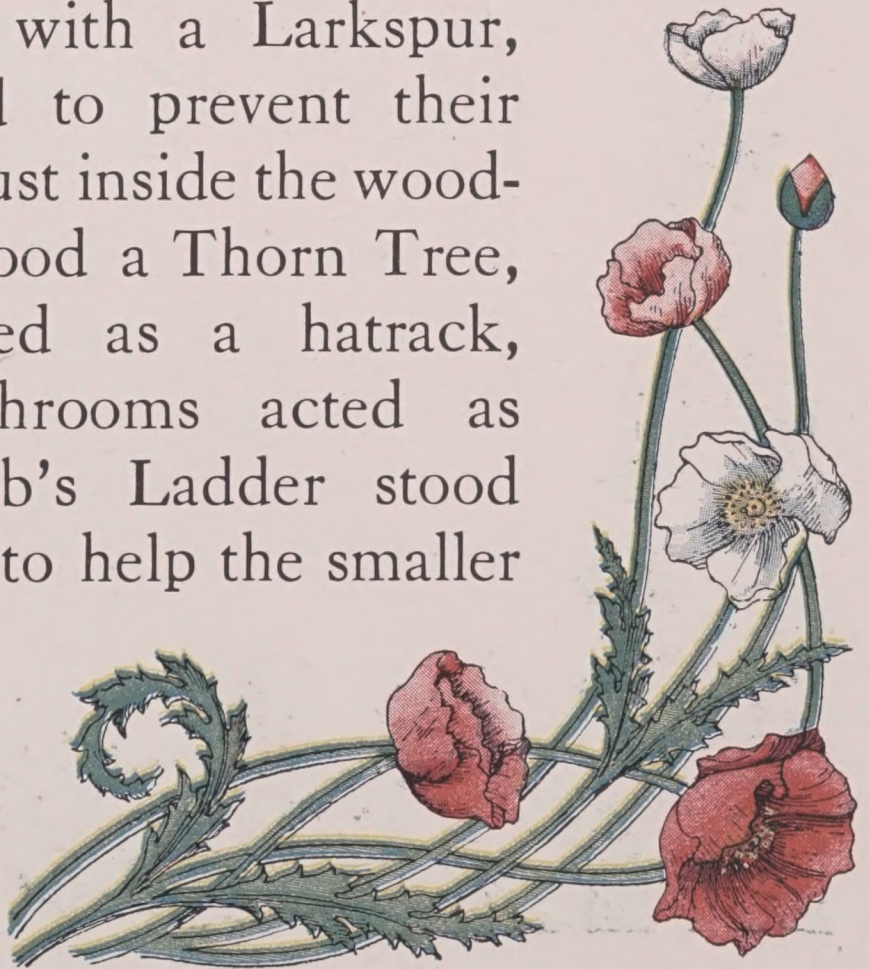
In this little secluded spot



in the wood the banquet table was spread, decorated in gay colors, and lighted by the Stars of Bethlehem nestling close at the feet of the Moonvine. Stars of Bethlehem are little, not big and glowing like the great star of Bethlehem that led the wondering shepherds to the place where Jesus was born, but they are modest and white and pure—like Jesus would have us be. They grow close to the ground, while the Moonvine runs high up on the trellis and opens out as big, almost, as Daddy's hand.

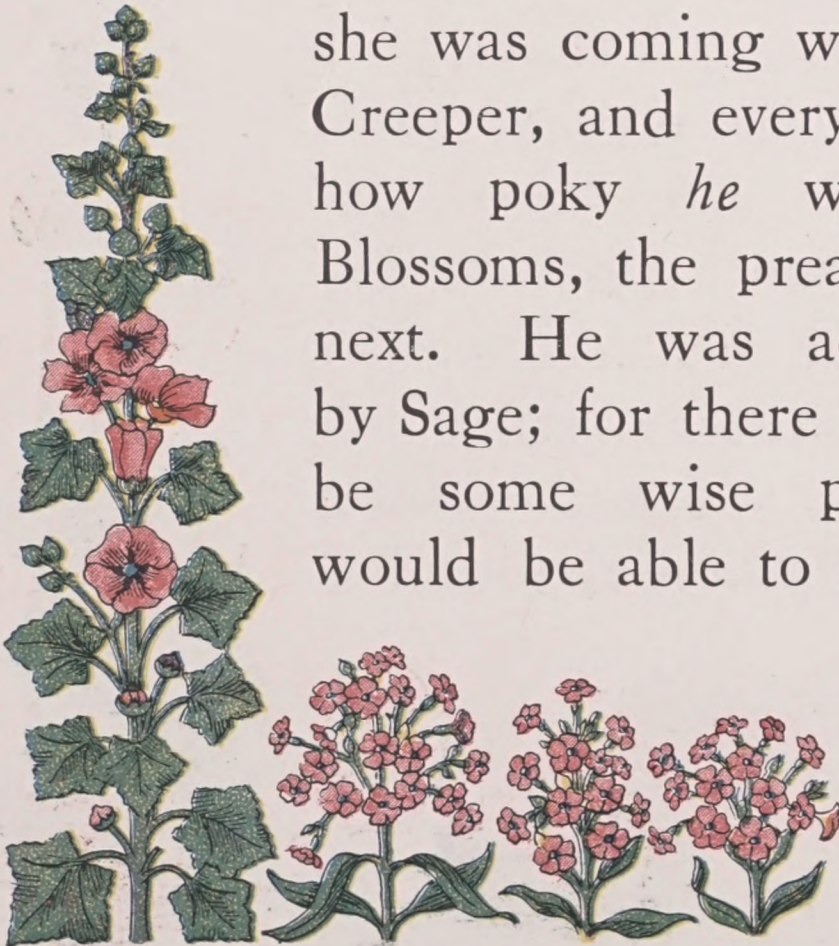


Now the great lawn had to be lighted, so the Sunburst Rose was chosen for that. This made it light enough that any intruders in the form of ugly weeds, trying to pass themselves off for flowers, might be clearly seen by Gladiolus, who, with Roman courage, armed with a Larkspur, stood guard to prevent their entrance. Just inside the woodland hall stood a Thorn Tree, which served as a hatrack, while Mushrooms acted as seats. Jacob's Ladder stood just outside to help the smaller



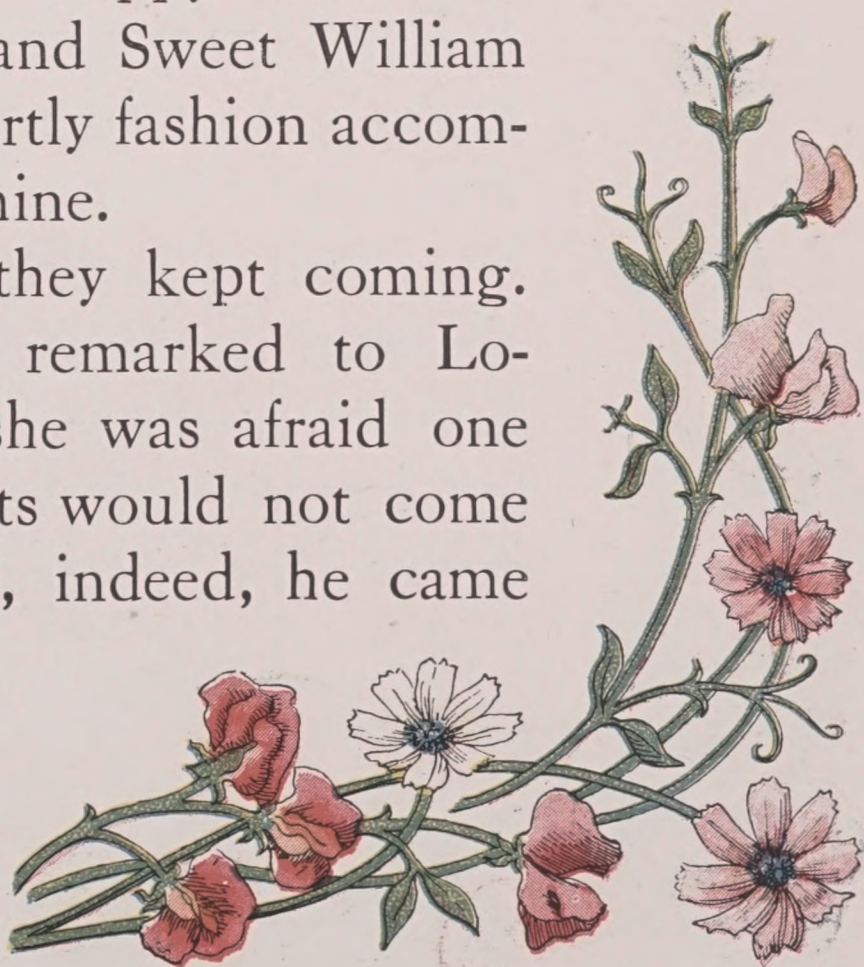
guests over any twigs and fallen branches that might be in the way.

At the appointed time the guests began to arrive. The Four-o’Clocks came first, and told Boston Fern, who was butler, that Morning Glory would be a little late because she was coming with Virginia Creeper, and everybody knew how poky *he* was! Elder Blossoms, the preacher, came next. He was accompanied by Sage; for there must needs be some wise person who would be able to settle ques-



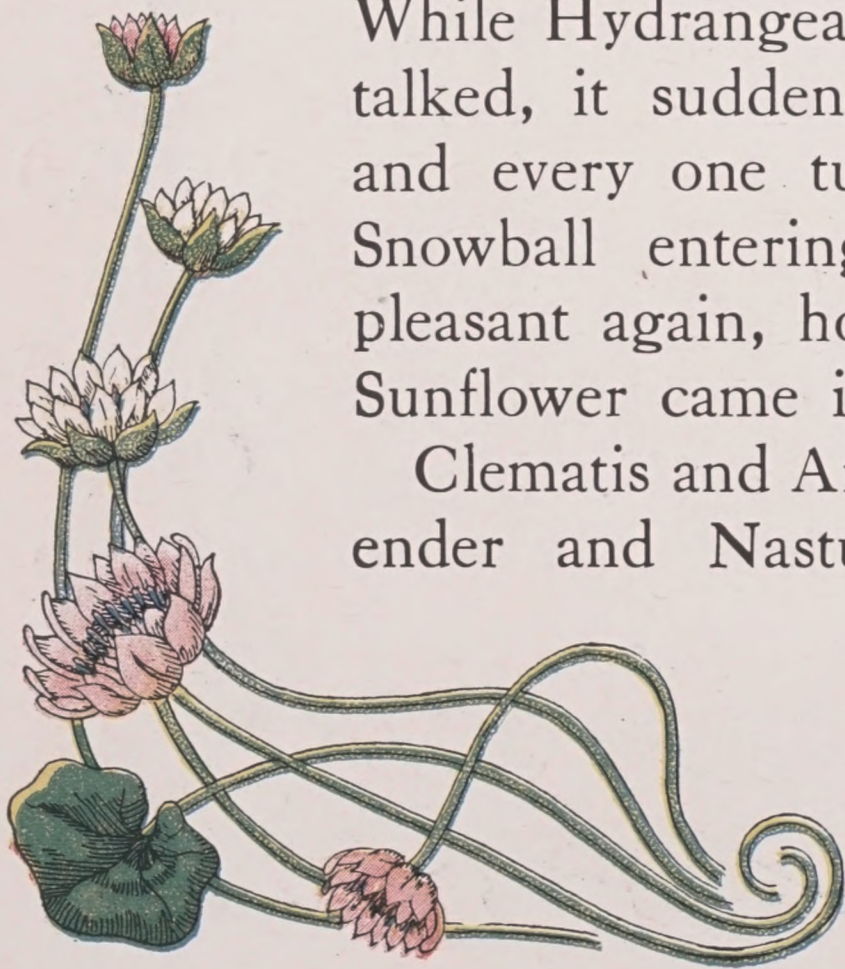
tions of importance that might arise. Dandelion strutted up next, but Gladiolus would not permit him to enter until he promised not to behave like a lion. Daffodil brought Sweet Marjoram; Aster was the escort, and quite a gallant one, of Myrtle. Poppy was with Narcissus; and Sweet William in quite courtly fashion accompanied Jasmine.

And so they kept coming. Hydrangea remarked to Lobelia that she was afraid one of the guests would not come until late if, indeed, he came



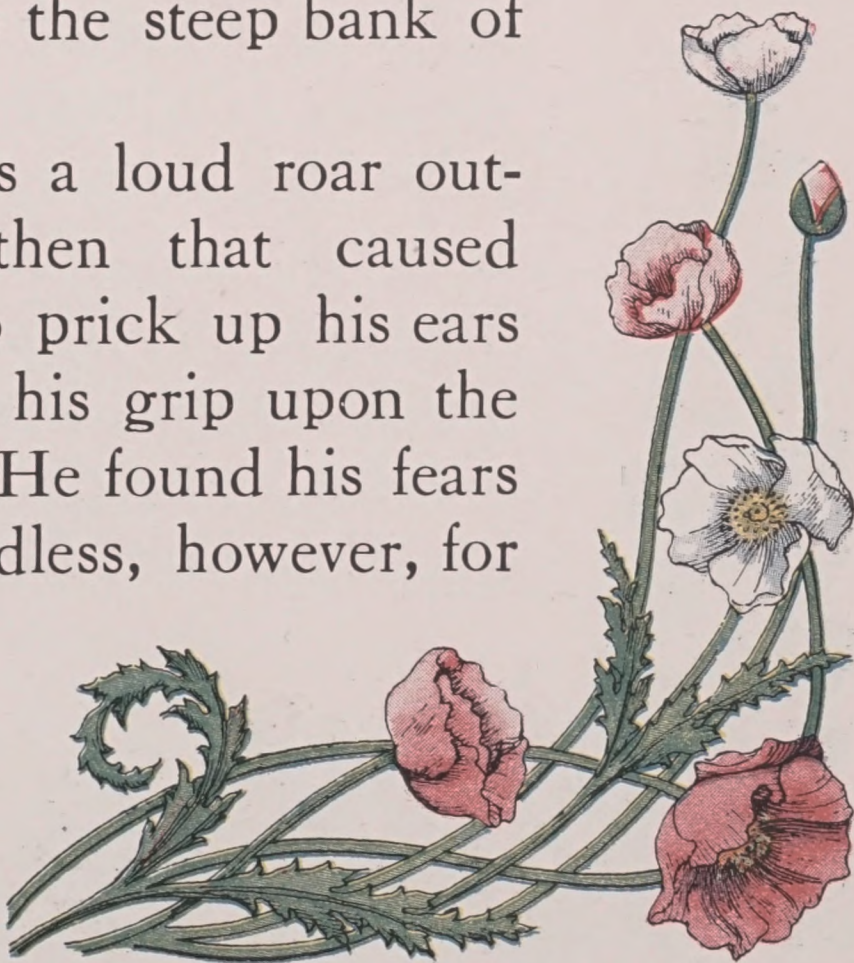
at all, because he usually wandered around nowhere in particular. Of course she meant Crimson Rambler. Now Crimson Rambler is a kind of Rose, quite small, and without much perfume. They are very pretty, though, as they grow over doorways and arbors. While Hydrangea and Lobelia talked, it suddenly grew cool and every one turned to see Snowball entering. It grew pleasant again, however, when Sunflower came in.

Clematis and Anemone, Lavender and Nasturtium, Ver-



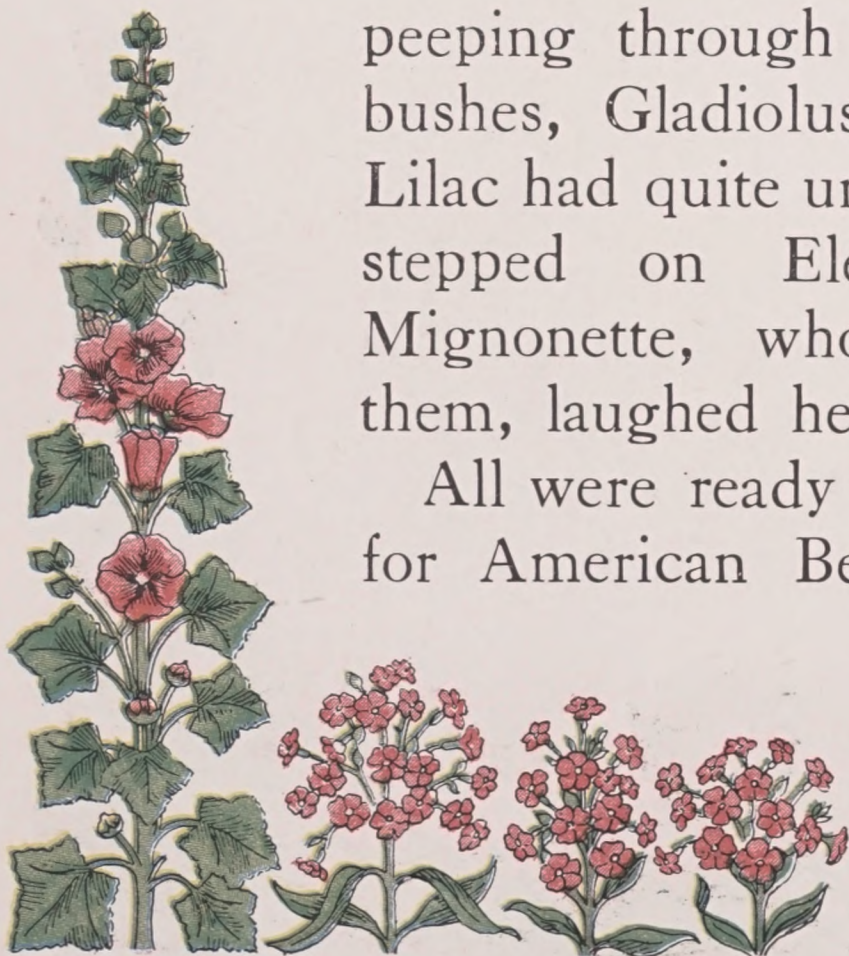
bena and Sweet Pea all came sailing down the little brook in a canoe, a beautiful little birch bark canoe, that Sweet Fern had caught as it floated down the stream one day after a big rain. Watershield piloted the little craft, and Cardinal Climber came along to help them all up the steep bank of the brook.

There was a loud roar outside just then that caused Gladiolus to prick up his ears and tighten his grip upon the Larkspur. He found his fears quite groundless, however, for



it was only Tiger Lily laughing at some witticism of Azalea, who accompanied him. They were followed by Dahlia and Peony. They were hardly seated when a more terrific roar than the other attracted their attention. Running in the direction of the sound and peeping through a clump of bushes, Gladiolus found that Lilac had quite unintentionally stepped on Elephant Ear. Mignonette, who was with them, laughed heartily.

All were ready now, waiting for American Beauty, except



Crimson Rambler. Fearing he might be lost or hurt, Trailing Arbutus, the private detective of Flower Land, was sent in search of him. He soon found him suffering from a wound inflicted by a cruel Briar. Some Balsam was applied for immediate relief, and when he was brought in Balm of Gilead fixed him up as good as new. Everything now being ready, Boston Fern placed them all around the table, in the middle of which there waved a Sweet Flag, upheld by Columbine and Cosmos, who



gladly offered their services; for flowers are very patriotic. Some pine away and die, even, if they are carried to live away from their native land.

Chrysanthemum whispered to Heliotrope that the queen was approaching; and, sure enough, she was soon seen entering the banquet hall leaning on the strong arm of Giant of Battle, who always carried himself with soldierly bearing, yet quietly and with light tread. He wore a particularly soft sandal furnished him for this special occasion by Moc-

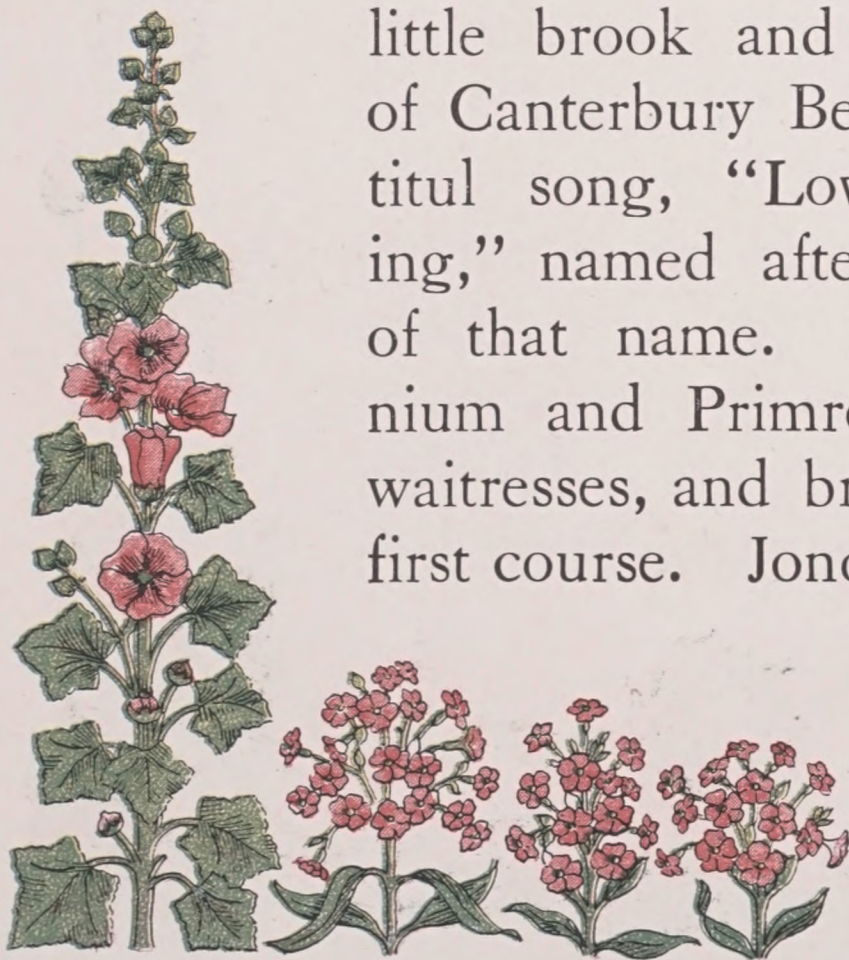


casin Flower. For a staff he carried a Golden Rod, and wore tiny Pinks in the lapel of his fine dress coat. American Beauty wore a beautiful little hat with a Prince Feather in it, a Cockscomb in her hair, dainty little Lady's-Slippers and Foxgloves, and carried a lovely bouquet of Forget-Me-Nots. Iris and Marigold held up her train and Zinnia came behind bearing the Bridal Wreath. Rose of Sharon ran forth to meet the queen, while London Pride threw back his shoulders



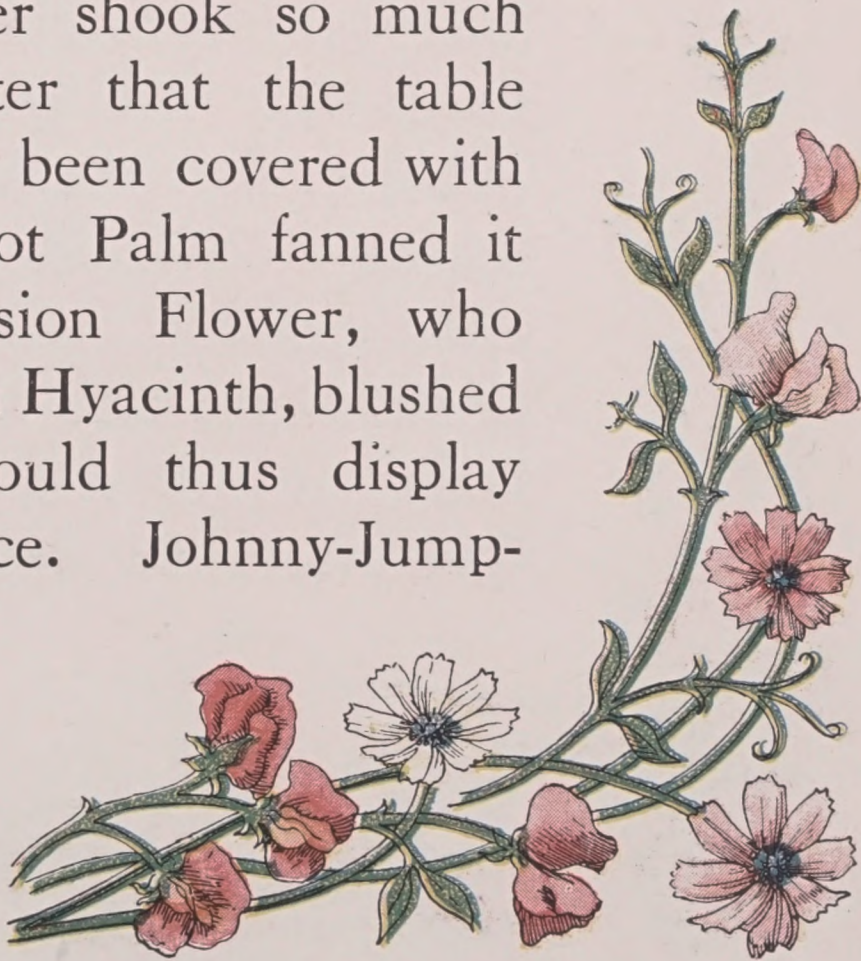
and looked dignified, which made Smilax smile.

All now took their seats at the table and Elder Blossom said grace. Cowslip and Cyclamen brought out a banner announcing a song by Calliope. She sang by the merry musical accompaniment of the little brook and the tinkling of Canterbury Bells, the beautiful song, "Love-Lies-Bleeding," named after the flower of that name. Phlox, Geranium and Primrose were the waitresses, and brought in the first course. Jonquil now pro-

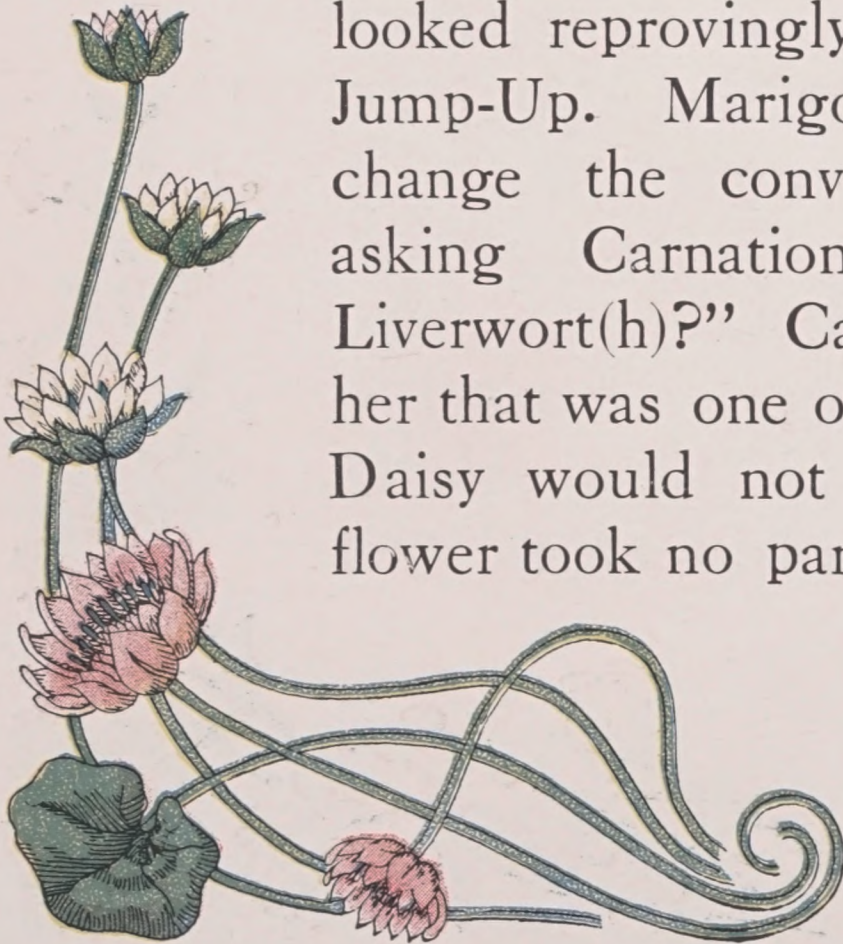


posed a toast, whereupon Dutch Hyacinth, in his usual droll manner, said, "Der toast vill be pro't in py der waiters!"

This made all the flowers laugh. Periwinkle laughed so much that off came a Bachelor's Button, and he had to hide behind Nightshade. Dusty Miller shook so much with laughter that the table would have been covered with dust had not Palm fanned it away. Passion Flower, who loved Dutch Hyacinth, blushed that he should thus display his ignorance. Johnny-Jump-



Up noticed this and said to Sweet Pea that he heard Dutch Hyacinth say that he would like to kiss Passion Flower's Tulips, but was afraid of Snapdragon, her guardian. Bleeding Heart knew the trouble love had caused her, and both she and Canna Lily looked reprov-ingly at Johnny-Jump-Up. Marigold tried to change the conversation by asking Carnation, "What's Liverwort(h)?" Carnation told her that was one of the secrets Daisy would not tell. Wall-flower took no part in all this,



which he sedately called foolishness. Bluebell rang for order and the guests were all served.

There were lots of nice things to eat. Milkweed furnished the milk for Asparagus soup, which was served in dainty Buttercups. Sweet Alyssum salad was served on fancy-cut Caladium leaves with Allspice and Candytuft. While they were all partaking of this good stuff Gladiolus ran in excitedly and said Snowdrop had fallen, whereupon they all decided to go home.



The little brook sang the Flower Song, and the flowers bade each other goodnight, to go back to their age-long and joyous task of making this old world beautiful and giving their fragrance to the people of earth.

Now, run along and gather Mother a bouquet, and while you smell its sweetness and see its beauty think of how you can be sweet, and beautiful, and unselfish like they are; then get your dolly and tell her this pretty story of "The Banquet of the Flowers."



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020941959

